#2 IN AN EIGHT-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES
EPIC COMICS
ELEKTRA
Assassin
ELEKTRA 2
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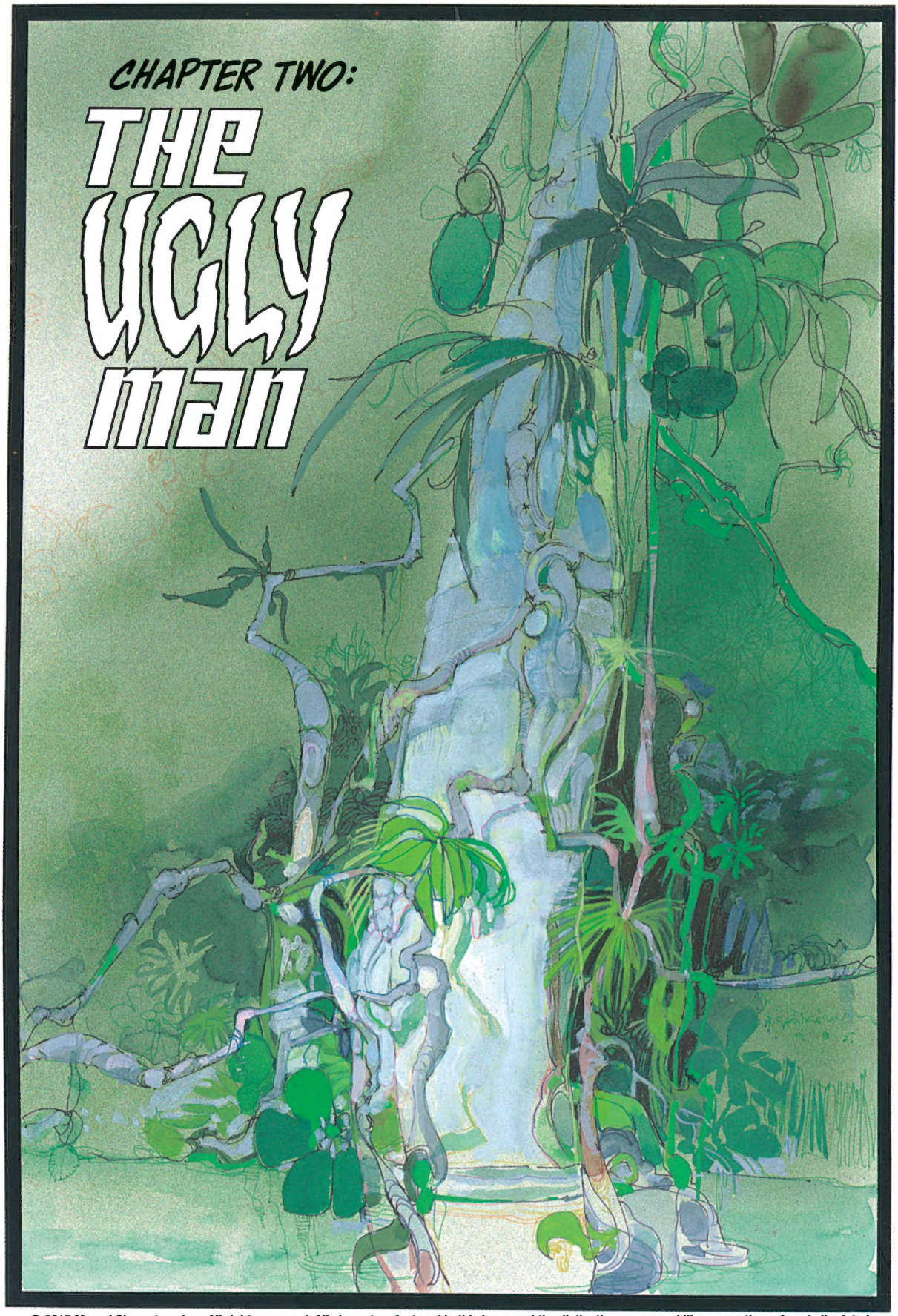
MARVEL

Five Killed in Asylum Revolt

SAN CONCEPCION, South America —Local Authorities refuse to comment on reports of a violent uprising of inmates in the Valley of Peace Institution for the Criminally Insane. A former employee of the Institution claims that the revolt was led by a woman prisoner who killed a guard and a medical team, shortly before she was to be lobotomized.

The Institution has been the object of criticism by opponents of the present regime, who claim that it is used to submit political prisoners to detestable living conditions and torture.

San Concepcion authorities refused to draw any connection between the Valley of Peace uprising and the murder of two San Concepcion police officers by an unidentified woman four months ago.



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THERE IS A BLANK SPACE--

--THEN THE SUN BURNS BRIGHTLY BUT DOES NOT BURN AWAY THE WATER IN THE AIR OR ON MY BODY--
--THE LEAVES ARE THICK ABOUT ME AND COVERED WITH INSECTS--

--SOME OF WHICH ARE PAINTED PRETTY COLORS. THE LEAVES LOOK SMOOTH--
--BUT THAT IS A LIE. THEY ARE ROUGH LIKE A CAT'S TONGUE AND TRY TO SCRAPE THE MEAT FROM MY BONES--

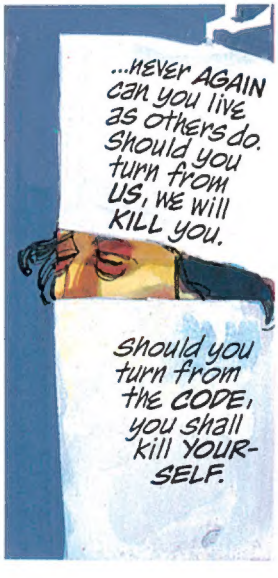
I MUST KEEP WHAT MEAT I HAVE.
I MUST KEEP MOVING...

I WILL REMEMBER --SOMETIME SOON --WHY I AM HERE --WHAT I MUST DO.
ALL THAT IS IMPORTANT NOW IS MY TRAINING--

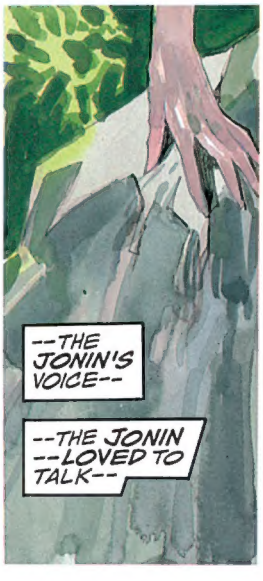
--MY TRAINING--
--IT COMES BACK TO ME WHEN I CALL IT AS ALL MY MEMORIES DO.
I CONTROL IT AS I NOW CONTROL MY MIND--

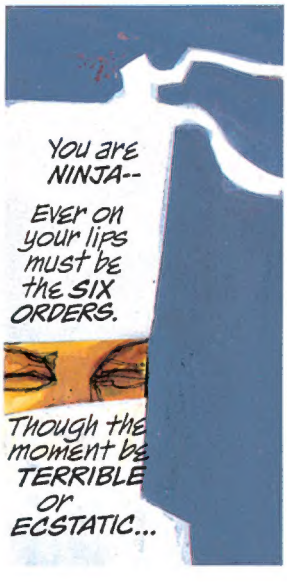
--I CALL A VOICE FROM YEARS AGO --FROM FAR AWAY--

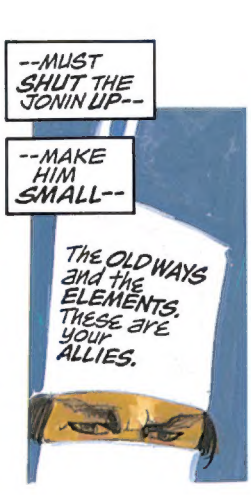
The trials of mind and body have BENT you to us, Elektra.
You have SLAIN what is SOFT in you.
You are CLEAN...


...never AGAIN can you live as others do. Should you turn from US, we will KILL you.
Should you turn from the CODE, you shall kill YOURSELF.

Your eyes have been opened to the DARK ways.
Your soul is touched by the HIDDEN FORCES.
You will DANCE with them:...
...or PERISH.


--THE JONIN'S VOICE--
--THE JONIN --LOVED TO TALK--


You are NINJA--
Ever on your lips must be the SIX ORDERS.
Though the moment be TERRIBLE or ECSTATIC...



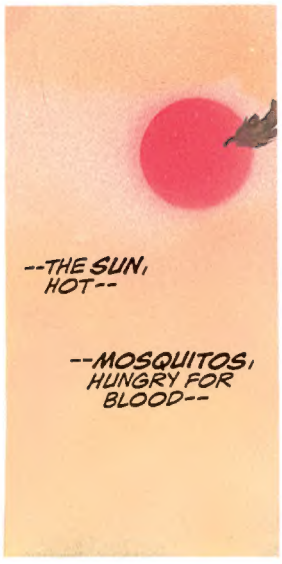
NO ONE IS INNOCENT. This must NEVER be FORGOTTEN.

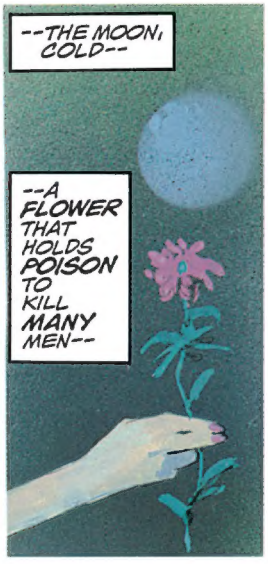
--HE IS SILLY--

--MAKE HIM SMALL--

And the FIRST ORDER

on which SUCCESS and LIFE EVER DEPENDS...


--THE SUN, HOT--
--MOSQUITOS, HUNGRY FOR BLOOD--

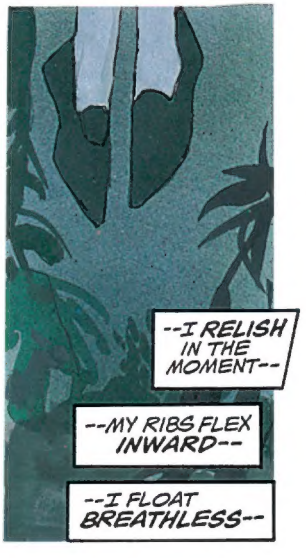

--THE MOON, COLD--
--A FLOWER THAT HOLDS POISON TO KILL MANY MEN--

--SUDDENLY, SALIVA IN MY THROAT--
--RAZOR PAIN IN MY STOMACH--

--HUNGER SO FIERCE--
--IT ALMOST HIDES THE SMELL OF THE THING BEHIND ME--

--IT ARCS AND HISSES--
--SO STUPID--
--SO VICIOUS--
--SO BEAUTIFUL--

--LIKE A SINGLE MUSCLE IT ENFOLDS ME--
--MY BONES ARE DRIED WOOD IN ITS GRIP--


--I RELISH IN THE MOMENT--
--MY RIBS FLEX INWARD--
--I FLOAT BREATHLESS--

--I FIND HIS THOUGHTLESS LIZARD MIND--
--LET IT WAKE MY MOST ANCIENT SELF--

--ANOTHER JUNGLE--
--ANOTHER AGE--
--AN ENEMY'S BLOOD--

--IT SHOULD BE COOKED--

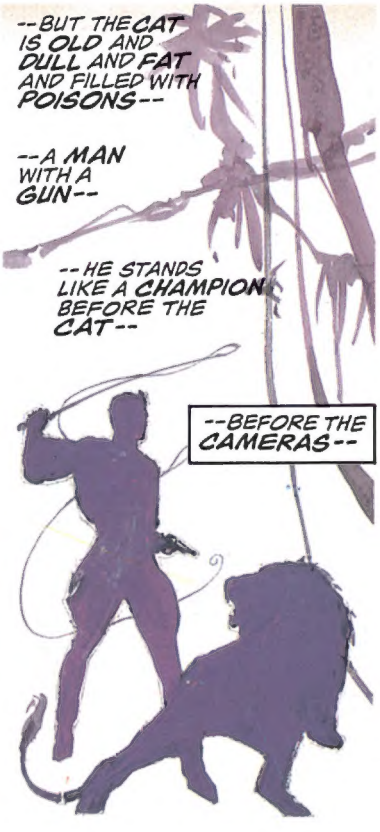
--BUT SOMEHOW MY HUNGER IS GONE--

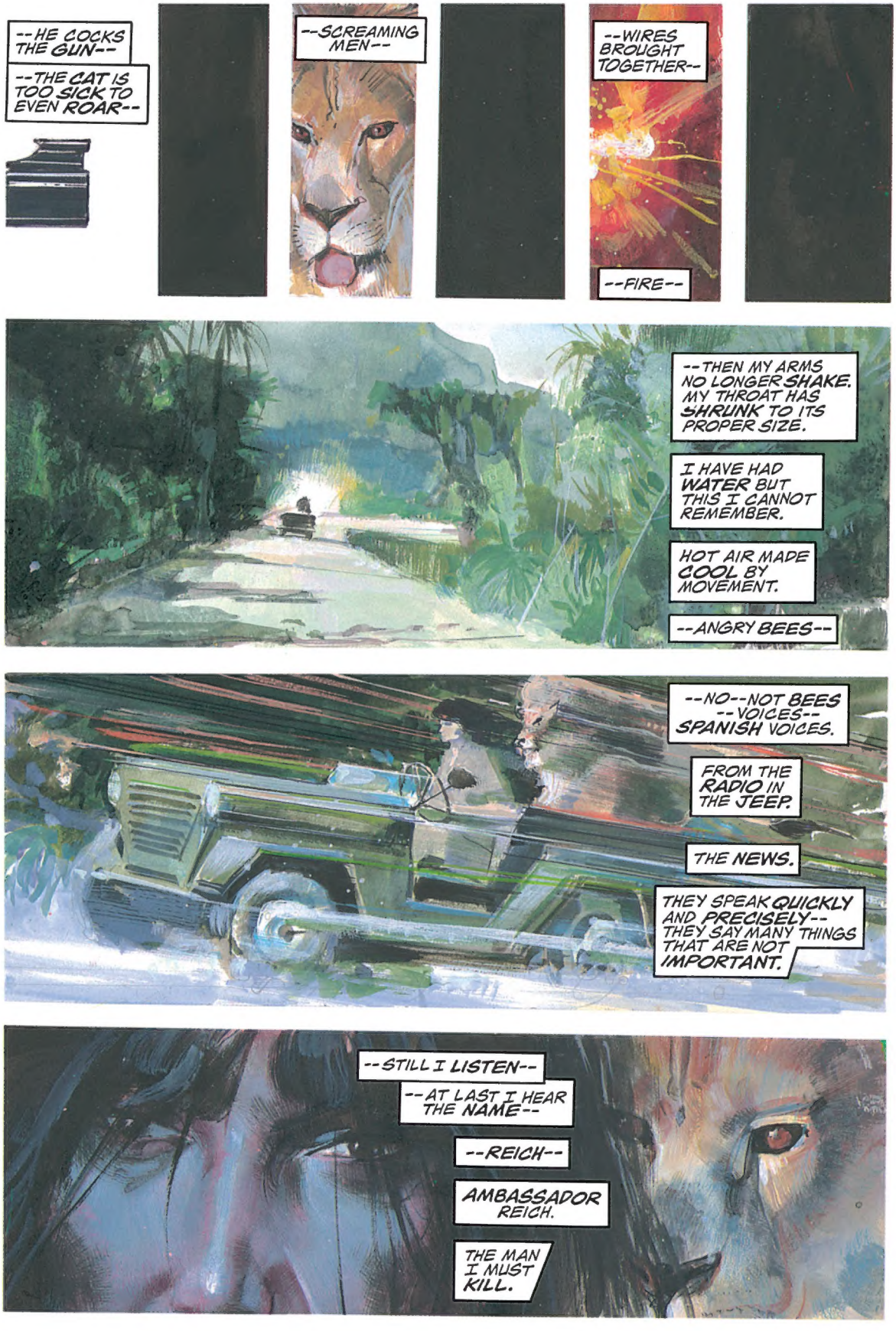
--DAYS GO
--NO NEED
TO THINK--

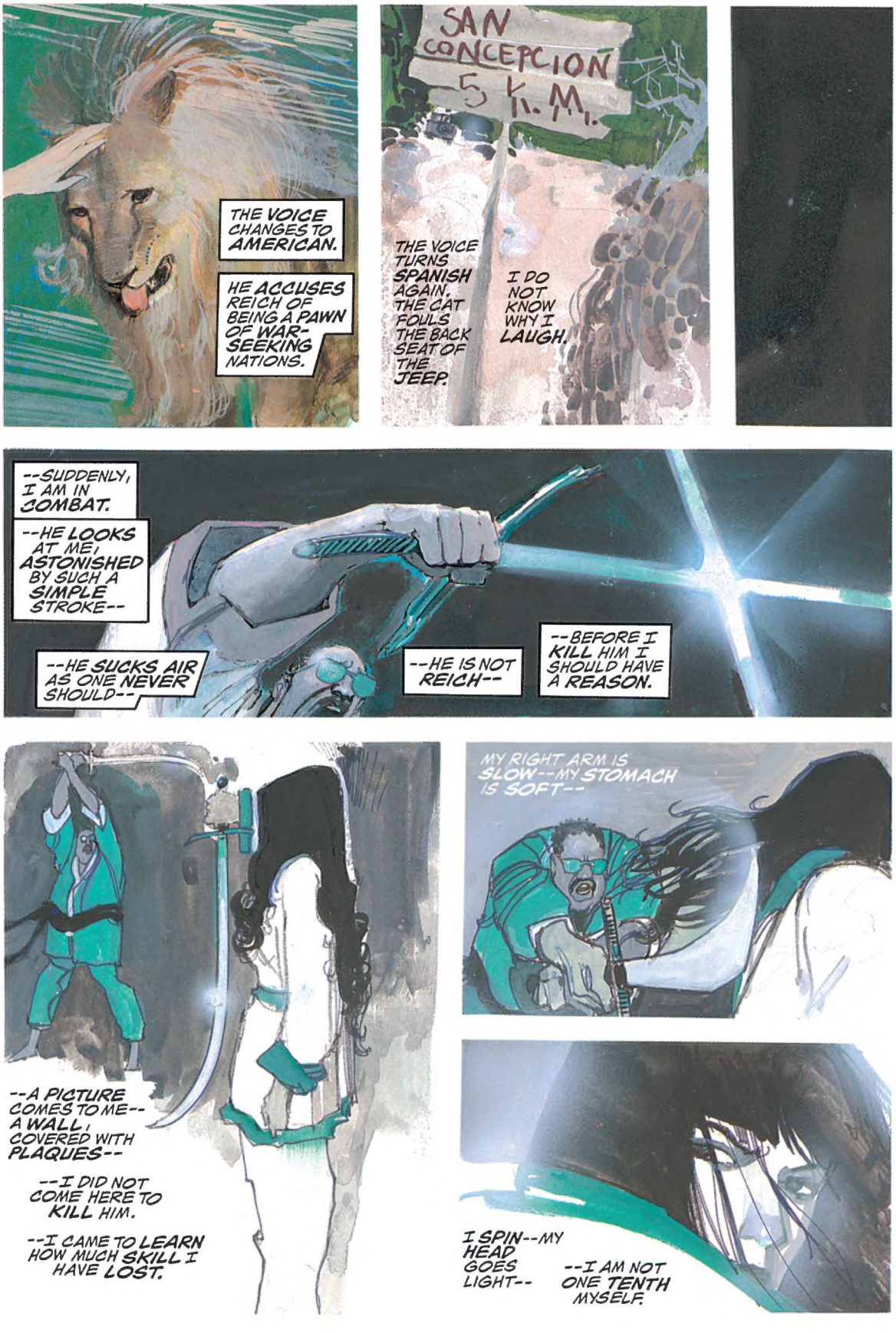
--AND HERE THE JUNGLE BREAKS AND MEN ARE CAMPED--
--WITH HUGE CAMERAS AND GLARING LAMPS THAT MAKE NO SENSE IN THE DAYLIGHT--
--BURNING TOBACCO--
--COLOMBIAN COFFEE--

--HERE I WILL FIND A WAY OUT OF THE JUNGLE--
--I MUST HURRY--
--I HAVE GONE TOO LONG WITHOUT WATER--STILL I CANNOT HELP BUT WATCH--

--THEY BIND THE WOMAN AND ORDER HER TO SCREAM--
--HER BREASTS ARE HUGE--
--THEY SHINE THE LAMPS ON HER--
--LOOSE A CAT TO DEVOUR HER--

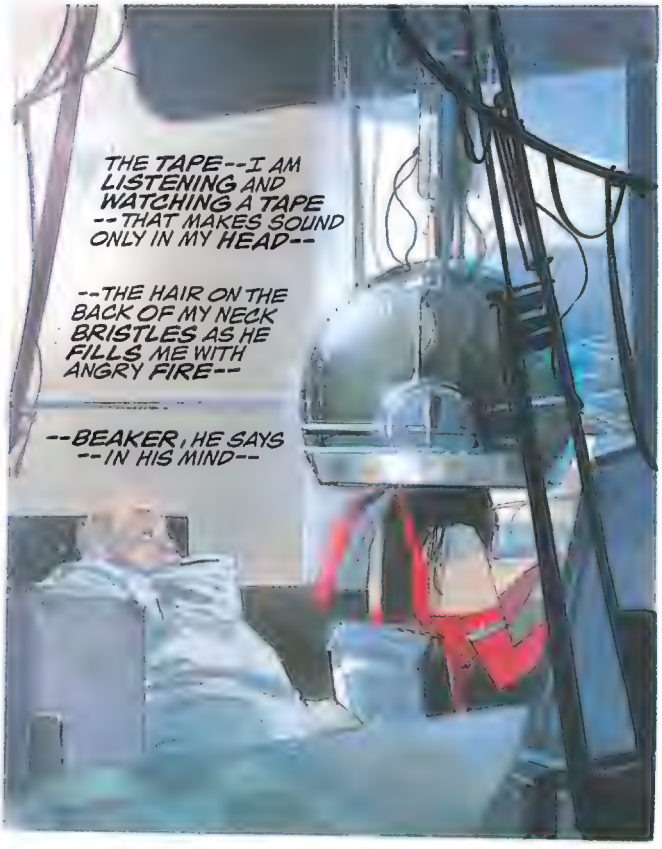

--BUT THE CAT IS OLD AND DULL AND FAT AND FILLED WITH POISONS--
--A MAN WITH A GUN--
--HE STANDS LIKE A CHAMPION BEFORE THE CAT--
--BEFORE THE CAMERAS--


--HE COCKS THE GUN--
--THE CAT IS TOO SICK TO EVEN ROAR--
--SCREAMING MEN--
--WIRES BROUGHT TOGETHER--
--FIRE--
--THEN MY ARMS NO LONGER SHAKE. MY THROAT HAS SHRUNK TO ITS PROPER SIZE.
I HAVE HAD WATER BUT THIS I CANNOT REMEMBER.
HOT AIR MADE COOL BY MOVEMENT.
--ANGRY BEES--
--NO--NOT BEES --VOICES-- SPANISH VOICES.
FROM THE RADIO IN THE JEEP.
THE NEWS.
THEY SPEAK QUICKLY AND PRECISELY-- THEY SAY MANY THINGS THAT ARE NOT IMPORTANT.
--STILL I LISTEN--
--AT LAST I HEAR THE NAME--
--REICH--
AMBASSADOR REICH.
THE MAN I MUST KILL.


THE VOICE CHANGES TO AMERICAN.
HE ACCUSES REICH OF BEING A PAWN OF WAR-SEEKING NATIONS.
SAN CONCEPCION 5 K. M.
THE VOICE TURNS SPANISH AGAIN. THE CAT FOULS THE BACK SEAT OF THE JEEP.
I DO NOT KNOW WHY I LAUGH.
--SUDDENLY, I AM IN COMBAT.
--HE LOOKS AT ME, ASTONISHED BY SUCH A SIMPLE STROKE--
--HE SUCKS AIR AS ONE NEVER SHOULD--
--HE IS NOT REICH--
--BEFORE I KILL HIM I SHOULD HAVE A REASON.
--A PICTURE COMES TO ME-- A WALL, COVERED WITH PLAQUES--
--I DID NOT COME HERE TO KILL HIM.
--I CAME TO LEARN HOW MUCH SKILL I HAVE LOST.
MY RIGHT ARM IS SLOW--MY STOMACH IS SOFT--
I SPIN--MY HEAD GOES LIGHT--
--I AM NOT ONE TENTH MYSELF.

--SHAME AND A GIFT FROM THE MAN--
--THE BLANKNESS SPEEDS--
--TOO FAST--
--SOLDIERS COUGH BLOOD--
--TYPED PAPERS--
--DAYS AND WEEKS LOST-- TOO FAST--
--THE UGLY MAN--
--WHO IS THE UGLY MAN?
--TOO FAST--
--TOO FAST--
--MAKES NO SENSE--
--IT SLOWS, AT LAST. I SIT IN A STRANGE PLACE.
I SEE AND HEAR --THROUGH SOMEONE ELSE...

HE SAYS SOMETHING I DO NOT UNDERSTAND ABOUT TWO WOMEN AND A DOG--
SHIT. THAT PROBABLY MADE IT ON THE TAPE.


THE TAPE--I AM LISTENING AND WATCHING A TAPE --THAT MAKES SOUND ONLY IN MY HEAD--
--THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK BRISTLES AS HE FILLS ME WITH ANGRY FIRE--
--BEAKER, HE SAYS --IN HIS MIND--

--BEAKER'S GOING TO LOVE THAT JOKE.
THIS BRAIN FEED IS THE WORST. BUT THOSE DICKLESS WONDERS UP IN RESEARCH --JESUS, THEY THINK IT'S THE FINAL SOLUTION TO WORLD COMMUNISM.
CAN'T GO OUT FOR A SANDWICH WITHOUT A GODDAMN IMPLANT.

IMPLANT. YES.
A RECORDER IN HIS BRAIN...

--CHICKENSHIT MISSION TO A CHICKENSHIT GUNPORT TO FIND OUT WHO KILLED THEIR CHICKENSHIT PRESIDENTE.
AND STILL THEY'VE GOT TO HAVE THEIR HOME MOVIES...

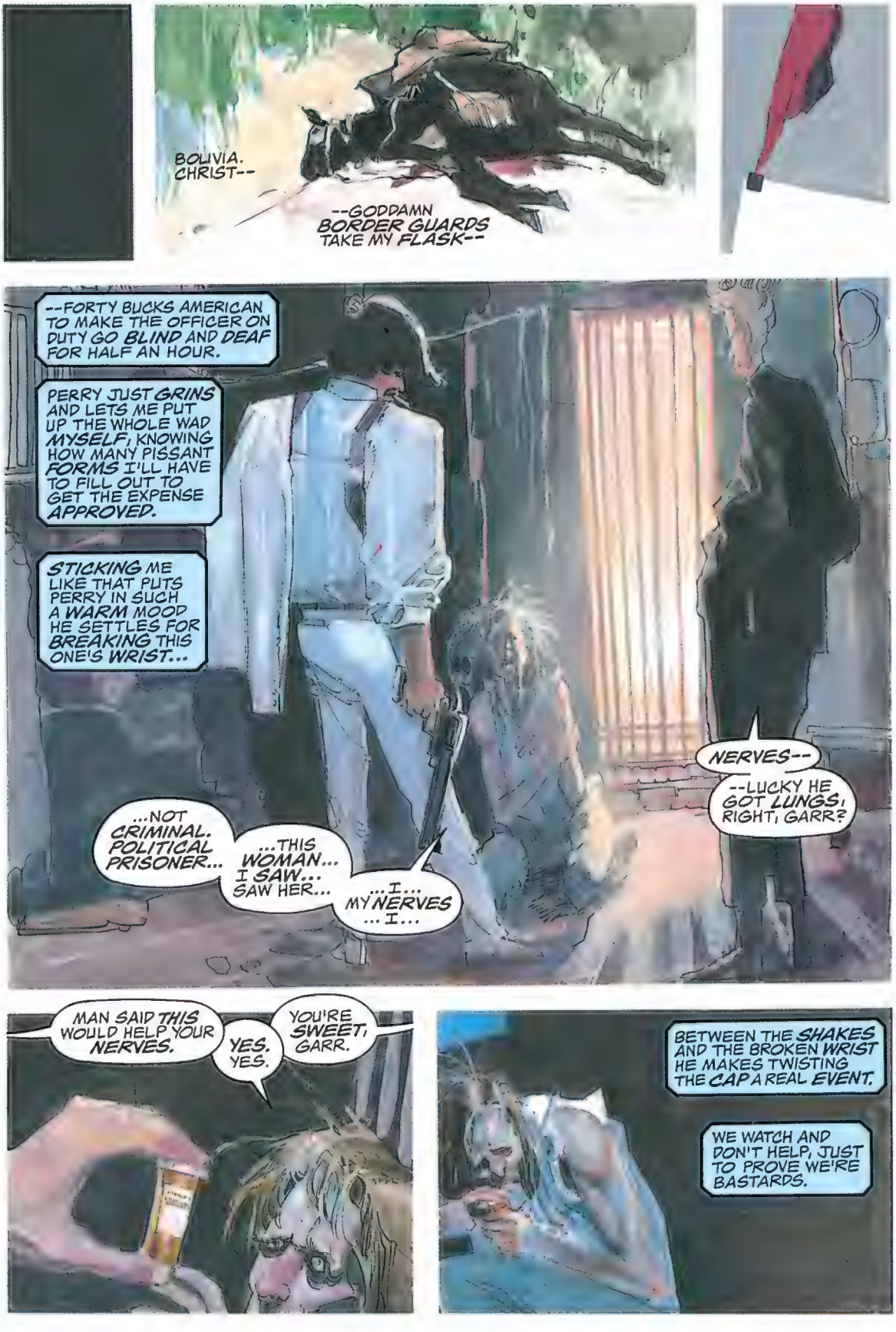
...SO THOSE IVY LEAGUE FAGGOTS IN PSYCH CAN WATCH AND SWAP JARGON ABOUT PHALLIC FIXATIONS AND OEDIPAL OBSESSIONS.
CHRIST...
...MAN OUGHT TO OWN HIS THOUGHTS...
...SHIT. I KNOW WHAT BEAKER'S GOING TO SAY TO THAT.
HE'LL START BY REMINDING ME THAT IT ISN'T ENTIRELY MY OWN HEAD--
--NOT WITH SIX INCHES OF REMOVABLE PLASTIC SKULL THAT LET THE SURGEONS JUMP RIGHT IN WITHOUT PUTTING ME OUT.
THEN HE'LL REMIND ME THAT I SIGNED THE RE-LEASE.
IT WAS THE FIRST THING YOU HAD ME DO WITH THE ARM.
AND I KNOW I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL...
...GRATEFUL I'VE STILL GOT MY OWN PAIR OF BALLS.

PERRY OVER THERE--HE NEVER BITCHES AT YOU, DOES HE?
AGENCY'S LIKE A MOTHER TO PERRY.
BUT THEN, PERRY'S AN ASS-HOLE.
MOVE IT, GARRETT--
GARRETT--HIS NAME IS--
YOU THERE--
--DON'T MOVE--
THE SHOUT GROWS IN ME BEFORE I CALL IT--
--MY TEETH RATTLE AS IT LEAVES--
--SIMPLE TECHNIQUE--

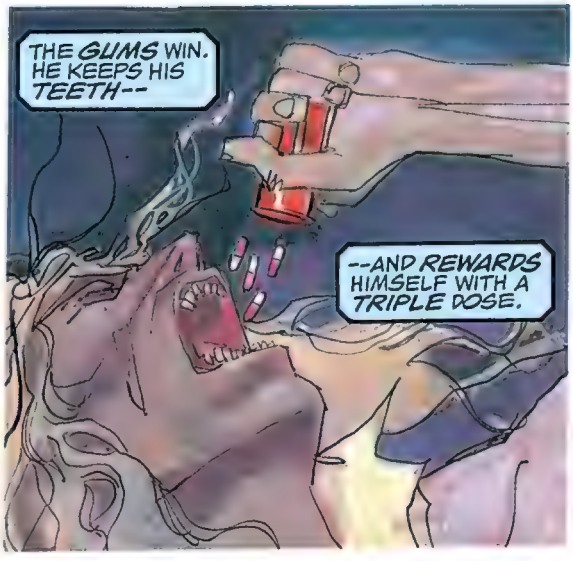
--THERE WILL BE MORE OF THEM-- TIME IS SHORT--
--THE TAPE IS FIVE DAYS OLD --I FIND THE BUTTON TO MAKE THE HOURS FLY--
--OVERSPICED MEAL--
--MORE DRINK--
--MORE FOUL WORDS--
--GARRETT'S APARTMENT--
--A BEATING--
--SCRAPED MOST OF THE FAKE SKIN OFF HIS KNUCKLES.
ONE MORE TIME--
WHO KILLED CARLOS HUEVOS?
THE POOR BASTARD PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING.
IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO MAKE THE SUBVERSIVE LIST IN SAN CONCEPCION--
--BUT HE LOOKS LIKE AN INTELLECTUAL.
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR PERRY.
WHERE YOU GOING, GARRETT?
PHONE RANG AN HOUR AGO. BACK WHEN OUR GUEST HAD TEETH.
KLIK

THIS TIME IT'S AN OLD WOMAN NAMED GONZALES.
NOBODY TOLD MRS. GONZALES THAT THE SAN CONCEPCION VOTER REGISTRATION OFFICE DISCONNECTED ITS TELEPHONE A YEAR AGO.
I GOT THE NUMBER...
...AND EVERY DAY I GET A DOZEN CALLS FROM WOULD-BE VOTERS.
THIS COUNTRY'S BEEN A DICTATORSHIP SINCE WORLD WAR II.
GUESS PEOPLE LIKE THEIR ILLUSIONS.
YOU'RE A SCREAM, GARRETT.
MAYBE I SHOULD BUY YOU A HOOKER TO BREATHE HEAVY INTO THAT THING.
YOU MISSED THE FUN, GARR. WENT TO WORK ON HIS EYES...
...AND HE CONFESSED TO LAYING DOWN THE GREEN FOR THE HUEVOS POP.
SO HE STARTS LAUGHING --LAUGHING BUBBLES, RIGHT, SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT A TWO-DOLLAR WHORE FROM BOLIVIA.
YOU FINISH HIM?
OH, YEAH.
THAT RINGING --WHY DON'T THEY HEAR--
--NO-- IT'S NOT ON THE TAPE--
--HERE. NOW.
AN ALARM--

DOWN THIS WAY--
--GUNS READY--
--THERE--
--FIRE AT--
GG--
--GOD OH MY GOD--
WHAT THE--
KBLAM
OH MY GG--
--STOPPED IT--
--CHRIST SHE STOPPED A BULLET--
--PULL BACK--


BOLIVIA. CHRIST--
--GODDAMN BORDER GUARDS TAKE MY FLASK--
--FORTY BUCKS AMERICAN TO MAKE THE OFFICER ON DUTY GO BLIND AND DEAF FOR HALF AN HOUR.
PERRY JUST GRINS AND LETS ME PUT UP THE WHOLE WAD MYSELF, KNOWING HOW MANY PISSANT FORMS I'LL HAVE TO FILL OUT TO GET THE EXPENSE APPROVED.
STICKING ME LIKE THAT PUTS PERRY IN SUCH A WARM MOOD HE SETTLES FOR BREAKING THIS ONE'S WRIST...
...NOT CRIMINAL. POLITICAL PRISONER...
...THIS WOMAN... I SAW... SAW HER...
...I... MY NERVES ...I...
NERVES--
--LUCKY HE GOT LUNGS, RIGHT, GARR?
MAN SAID THIS WOULD HELP YOUR NERVES.
YES. YES.
YOU'RE SWEET, GARR.
BETWEEN THE SHAKES AND THE BROKEN WRIST HE MAKES TWISTING THE CAP A REAL EVENT.
WE WATCH AND DON'T HELP, JUST TO PROVE WE'RE BASTARDS.

IT GETS DOWN TO A FIGHT BETWEEN THE BOTTLE AND HIS MAL-NOURISHED GUMS.


THE GUMS WIN. HE KEEPS HIS TEETH--
--AND REWARDS HIMSELF WITH A TRIPLE DOSE.

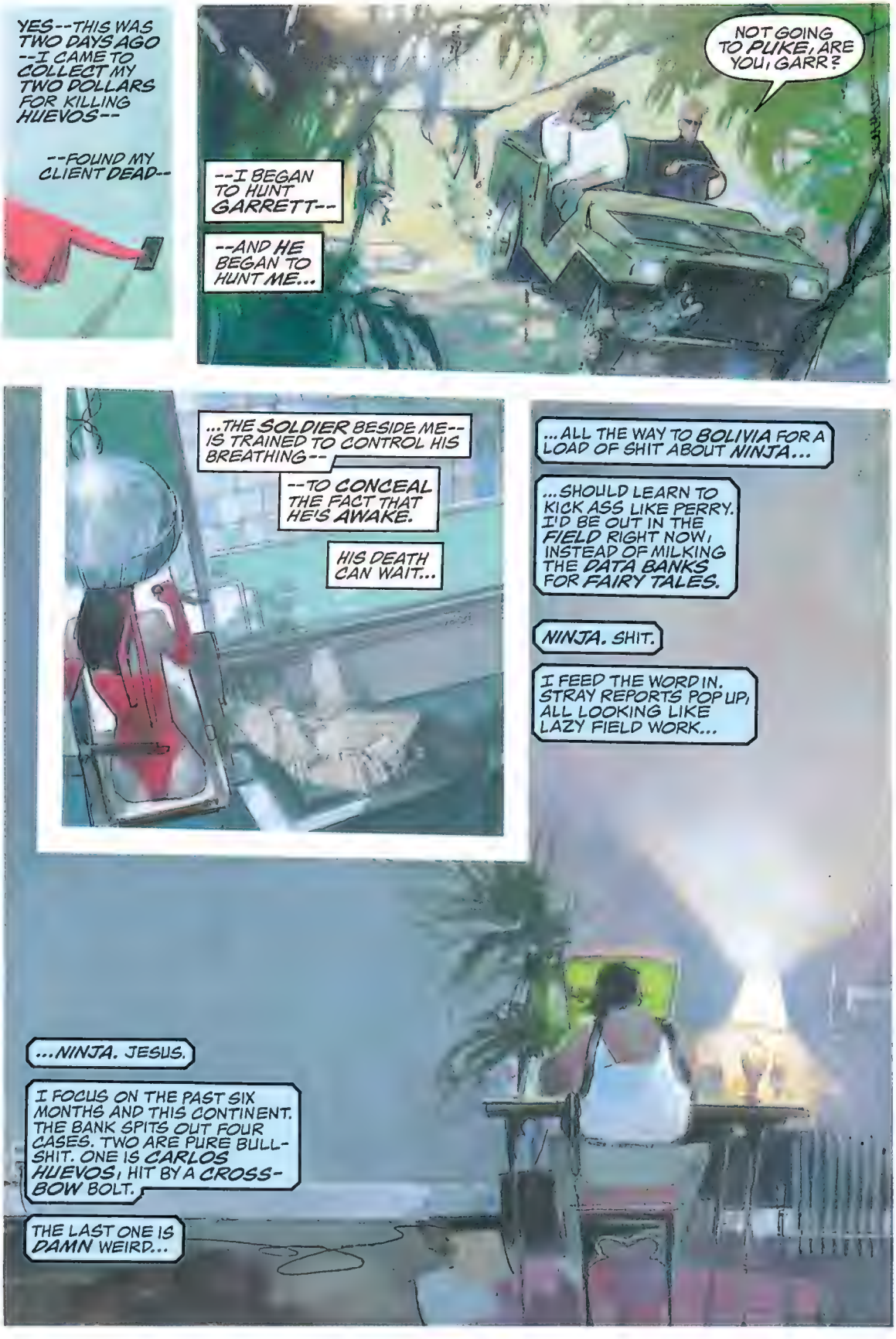
THAT PUTS HIM TWO MINUTES FROM LIFT-OFF --AND TWO DAYS FROM SPLASHDOWN.
TWO DAYS IN BOLIVIA.
PERRY BREAKS HIS OTHER WRIST.

THE WOMAN... SHE WAS A MERCENARY... VERY EXPENSIVE...
SILENT SHE WAS, AND NO DRINKER... WOULD NOT EAT WITH US...
...AND SHE NEVER SMILED--NOT UNTIL... UNTIL...

...WE WERE SURROUNDED, NINE OF US, AT THE WAR MEMORIAL. OUR GUNS WERE EMPTY...
...AND SO WE PASSED THE CYANIDE. SHE WATCHED AS SEVEN GOOD MEN TOOK THE CAPSULES...
...THEN, SHE LAUGHED...

...IT WAS NOT A WOMAN'S LAUGH...

AS MY COMRADES STIFFENED AND GAGGED, SHE LEAPED... TWELVE FEET INTO THE AIR...
...ON ALL SIDES THERE WERE EXPLOSIONS. I COULD SEE NO PLANE...
...THE FASCISTS... SOME CAUGHT FIRE AND DANCED LIKE CLOWNS...OTHERS SIMPLY FELL, AS THOUGH GOD HAD PULLED THE LIFE FROM THEM...
...THEN...I SAW THE FASCIST CAPTAIN...
...ROARING, FIRING HIS PISTOL...I WONDERED WHY HE DID NOT WEAR HIS RAPIER...
...AND LIKE A PIÑATA, THE CAPTAIN BURST APART-- CLEFT FROM SHOULDER TO THIGH...
...AND... BEHIND HIM ...THE RAPIER IN HER HAND... HER BLACK HAIR AND CLOTHING SOAKED IN HUMAN BLOOD... IT WAS SHE...
...AND STILL SHE LAUGHED...
...SHE IS NINJA. SHE IS DEATH ITSELF...

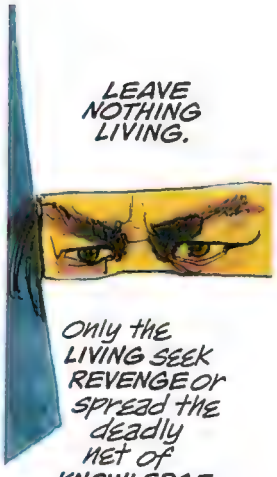

YES--THIS WAS TWO DAYS AGO --I CAME TO COLLECT MY TWO DOLLARS FOR KILLING HUEVOS--
--FOUND MY CLIENT DEAD--
--I BEGAN TO HUNT GARRETT--
--AND HE BEGAN TO HUNT ME...
NOT GOING TO PUKE, ARE YOU, GARR?
...THE SOLDIER BESIDE ME-- IS TRAINED TO CONTROL HIS BREATHING--
--TO CONCEAL THE FACT THAT HE'S AWAKE.
HIS DEATH CAN WAIT...
...ALL THE WAY TO BOLIVIA FOR A LOAD OF SHIT ABOUT NINJA...
...SHOULD LEARN TO KICK ASS LIKE PERRY. I'D BE OUT IN THE FIELD RIGHT NOW, INSTEAD OF MILKING THE DATA BANKS FOR FAIRY TALES.
NINJA. SHIT.
I FEED THE WORD IN. STRAY REPORTS POP UP, ALL LOOKING LIKE LAZY FIELD WORK...
...NINJA. JESUS.
I FOCUS ON THE PAST SIX MONTHS AND THIS CONTINENT. THE BANK SPITS OUT FOUR CASES. TWO ARE PURE BULL-SHIT. ONE IS CARLOS HUEVOS, HIT BY A CROSS-BOW BOLT.
THE LAST ONE IS DAMN WEIRD...

--NOW, BENEATH THE COMPUTER'S HUM, I HEAR LAUGHTER--

--THE JONIN'S LAUGHTER--

--HE LAUGHS AT MY MISTAKE--AT THE ASYLUM--I DID NOT OBEY THE FIRST ORDER--

LEAVE NOTHING LIVING.



Only the LIVING SEEK REVENGE or spread the deadly net of KNOWLEDGE...

--SEEMS A PATIENT IN ONE OF THOSE HELLHOLE ASYLUMS DOWN BY THE BORDER WENT A LITTLE WILD.

SHOVED HER HAND THROUGH A GUARD--PUNCHED HOLES IN A SURGICAL TEAM--LEFT A DOCTOR WITH TWO SCALPELS IN HIS EYES.

OKAY, SO TAKE IT BACK.

WHERE'D SHE COME FROM?

HERE WE GO...

FOUND UNCONSCIOUS ON A PIER AT SAN CONCEPCION HARBOR. HAD ROPE BURNS ON HER WRISTS AND ANKLES--AND A FRESH GASH ON HER THIGH.

KILLED TWO COPS WITH HER HANDS. APPARENTLY, NOBODY FOUND THIS SUSPICIOUS. JUST SLUGGED HER FULL OF THORAZINE AND MAILED HER SOUTH.

A JANE DOE. LET'S SEE WHAT THE BANKS CALL HER...

I CROSS-REFERENCE THE PHOTO OUT THE ASS. THE FIRST NAME THAT COMES UP BELONGS TO A NUN. THE SECOND TO A CORPSE.
THE THIRD ONE FITS HER LIKE A FRESH PAIR OF PANTY-HOSE.
ELEKTRA.
ELEKTRA NATCHIOS, N.M.I., DAUGHTER OF GREEK DIPLOMAT HUGO NATCHIOS AND HIS WIFE CHRISTINA.
TWELVE YEARS PAROCHIAL SCHOOL... POOR GRADES, HIGH I.Q., LIKE I GIVE A SHIT...
...SPOTTY STUFF ABOUT PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT...
...AND TRAINING IN MARTIAL ARTS.
BLACK BELT AT AGE TWELVE.
YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD, ELEKTRA.
ONE YEAR AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. DADDY MUST HAVE FIXED THINGS WITH THE GRADES.
DADDY SHOT TO DEATH BY POLICE WHILE HELD HOSTAGE BY SOCIALIST LIBERATION FRONT...
...THEN NADA. NOT A DAMN THING IN FOUR YEARS.
NO JOB, NO HOME, NO MARRIAGE, NO DEATH. JUST FELL OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
SHIT.
PROBABLY BECAME A BAG LADY...
...WHAT THE HELL...
...HOLE--
--IN MY BEER--

--CHRIST--
--IN HERE WITH ME--HIT THE FLOOR, YOU ASSHOLE--
THUD
--JESUS GODDAMN CHRIST MY PISTOL--
--GONE CHRIST I WAS WEARING IT--
SMITH & WESSON
--GOT TO BE HER SHIT IT'S GOT TO BE--
--BITCH I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU--
--UNDER THE FLOOR--
--EVEN THE AGENCY DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS BABY--
--COME ON BITCH--
--COME AND GET IT--
KLIK
AK

--WHAT THE HELL WHAT THE HELL--
--FELL APART HOW THE HELL--

NINJA.
CHRIST WHERE THE HELL IS SHE--
--THE KNIFE--

--BITCH DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE KNIFE--
--OR MAYBE-- MAYBE IT DOESN'T MATTER--
--MAYBE YOU ALREADY--

RING
KLIK
MY OWN RECORDED VOICE, SPEAKING FIRST YEAR SPANISH--

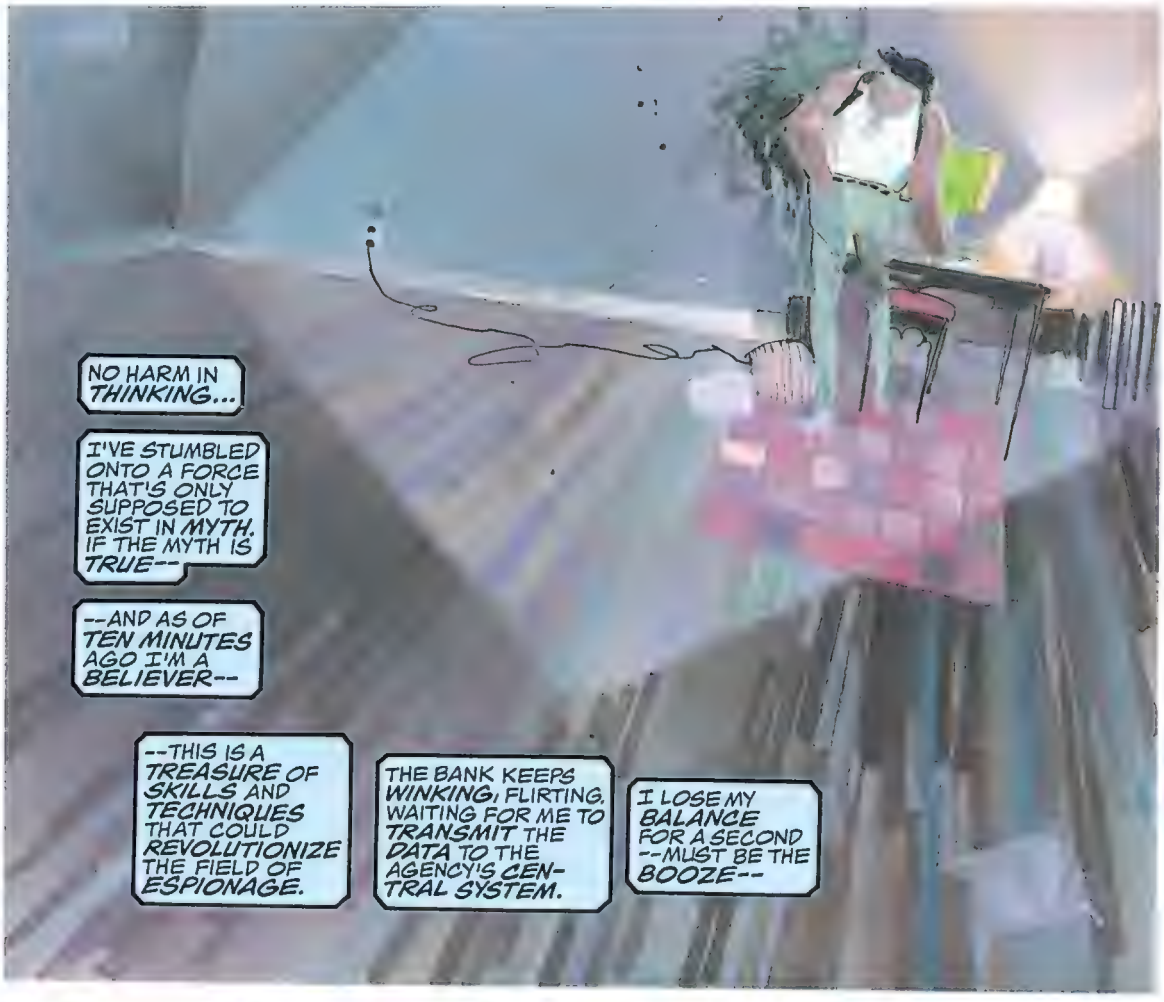
--THEN A CHUCKLE--
--THAT'S WAY TOO SEXY FOR PERRY'S MONEY.

SOMETHING VERY COLD CRAWLS UP MY SPINE.

GGOD--
--DON'T--

JESUS--
--GRAB HER--
MORE SOLDIERS--
--I HAVEN'T TIME TO KILL THEM ALL--
--NOT YET--
OH, JESUS--
SLAM

--GARRETT'S APARTMENT--
--TWO DAYS AGO--
--I CAN ALMOST TASTE THE--
--BOURBON DOES A HEAD-ON WITH MY ADRENALIN RUSH, KICKING MY BRAIN LOOSE IN MY SKULL.
I LET IT FLOAT, ROLLING THE THOUGHT AROUND AND WATCHING THE LIGHTS OF THE BANK WINK AT ME LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE.
NO HARM IN THINKING...
...EVEN IF THE SCHEME THAT'S GROWING LIKE A SNOWBALL AS IT ROLLS MEANS COMMITTING TREASON...
IT COULD BE MY WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE OF A LIFE. IT COULD PAY A FORTUNE.
IT COULD GET ME KILLED.
IT'S NOT A COMPLICATED SCHEME, OR EVEN CLEVER. HELL, EVEN PERRY COULD'VE COME UP WITH IT.
PERRY...
...IF THE BITCH IS ON TO ME, SHE'S ON TO PERRY. HE'S GOOD AS DEAD IF I DON'T WARN HIM.
GOOD AS DEAD.

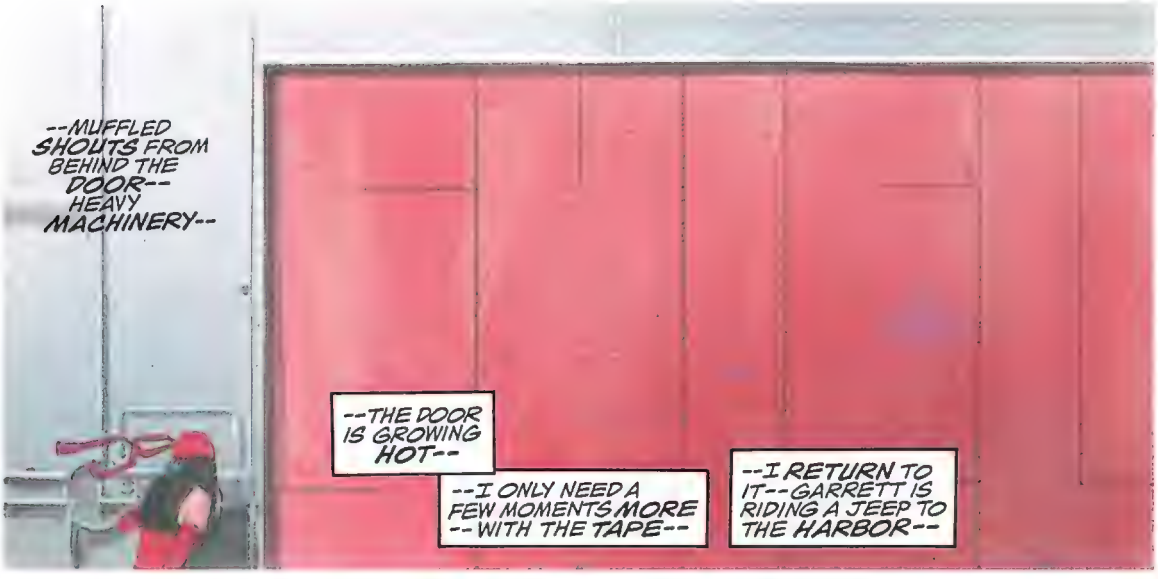

NO HARM IN THINKING...
I'VE STUMBLED ONTO A FORCE THAT'S ONLY SUPPOSED TO EXIST IN MYTH. IF THE MYTH IS TRUE--
--AND AS OF TEN MINUTES AGO I'M A BELIEVER--
--THIS IS A TREASURE OF SKILLS AND TECHNIQUES THAT COULD REVOLUTIONIZE THE FIELD OF ESPIONAGE.
THE BANK KEEPS WINKING, FLIRTING, WAITING FOR ME TO TRANSMIT THE DATA TO THE AGENCY'S CENTRAL SYSTEM.
I LOSE MY BALANCE FOR A SECOND --MUST BE THE BOOZE--

--AND JUST BY ACCIDENT--
--MY HAND HITS THE KEYBOARD --MY-- FINGER HITS THE BUTTON THAT PURGES THE DISC.

AS OF NOW, THE LITTLE PIECE OF PLASTIC IN MY HEAD IS PRICELESS.
AND THE ONLY MAN WHO HAS A HINT OF WHAT I KNOW IS PLAYING CAT AND MOUSE WITH...

RING
KLIK
MY MESSAGE, THEN PERRY, BREATHING HEAVY...
YOU KNOW THAT COOKIE WE BEEN LOOKING FOR, GARR?
SHE'S RIGHT ON MY ASS.

AND I'M RIGHT ON HERS. IT'S A SWEET ONE.
I'M AT THE HARBOR. BY THE GATE. I'M BRINGING HER IN.


--MUFFLED SHOUTS FROM BEHIND THE DOOR-- HEAVY MACHINERY--
--THE DOOR IS GROWING HOT--
--I ONLY NEED A FEW MOMENTS MORE --WITH THE TAPE--
--I RETURN TO IT--GARRETT IS RIDING A JEEP TO THE HARBOR--

...BITCH DIDN'T SLASH MY TIRES OR SCREW WITH THE MAGNUM I KEEP UNDER THE SEAT. THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL ANY SAFER.
AS I TOP THE LAST HILL ABOVE THE HARBOR, I WONDER ONE MORE TIME WHAT I'LL DO ABOUT PERRY.
AND WHEN IT WAS THAT I LAST LIKED MYSELF.
SHIT...

--THE DOOR IS BURNING...

--NEED ONLY MOMENTS--
--THAT STUPID BAYONET HE ALWAYS CARRIED...

...JAMMED SO FAR THROUGH HIM I CAN BARELY SEE THE HANDLE.
LOUSY WAY TO DIE, EVEN FOR AN ASSHOLE.

IT ISN'T UNTIL I'M HALFWAY TO THE OFFICE THAT I REALIZE WHAT THAT HOLE ABOVE PERRY'S FACE MEANS.
BITCH DID HER HOMEWORK. KNOWS ABOUT THE IMPLANTS.
A COOLER FULL OF ICE AND BEERS.
THREE DEAD SOLDIERS.
PAPERS-- MUNITIONS SHIPMENTS-- WHAT'S SHE WANT WITH--
--ALL OF A SUDDEN THAT COLD THING WRAPS CLEAR AROUND MY SPINE--HALF THE FILES HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHED--
--SHE'S STILL HERE--
--THAT CHUCKLE AGAIN--
SHIT--THE LAMP--
--SHOOT BLIND--
SLAM

SCHAKK

--A SOUND THAT BELONGS IN A BUTCHER SHOP--

--I TELL MY FINGER TO PULL THE TRIGGER AGAIN--

--BUT MY GUN JUST FALLS TO THE FLOOR--

THUNK

--AND EVEN THOUGH I'M STILL STANDING--

--THE GUN IS STILL IN MY HAND--

--OH, JESUS--

--SOMEWHERE BELOW MY ELBOW MY ARM'S BECOME A HOSE--

--JERKING IN TIME WITH MY HEART--

--JESUS I'M PAINTING THE ROOM--

--HEAD GOING LIGHT I'M GOING INTO SHOCK FAINTING I'M FINISHED IF I DO--

--I TAKE MY BELT WRAP IT TIGHT AROUND WHAT'S LEFT-- SLIPPERY BUT IT HOLDS--

--I'M COLD--

--GOD DAMN IT SAVE THE HAND--FIND IT--

--THE COOLER WITH THE BEERS--

--FLOOR'S DIRTY WHO THE HELL CARES FIND THE HAND--

--ROOM'S SHAKING--

--FOUND IT GOD IT'S STILL TWITCHING TRYING TO PULL THE TRIGGER--

--THE COOLER THE ICE YOU CAN SAVE IT--

--GOT IT GOD DAMN SON OF A BITCH NOW THEY CAN PUT IT BACK ON YOU CELEBRATE--

--BEER HAVE A BEER YOU'RE IN SHOCK YOU STUPID BASTARD--

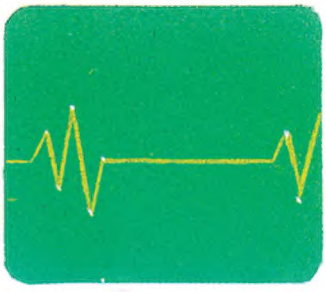
--FIRECRACKERS WHY--

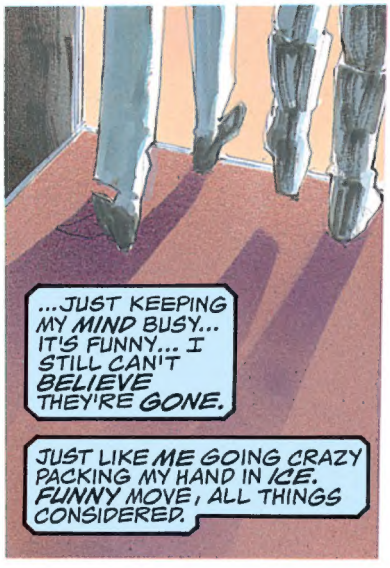
--NO-- MUNITIONS--

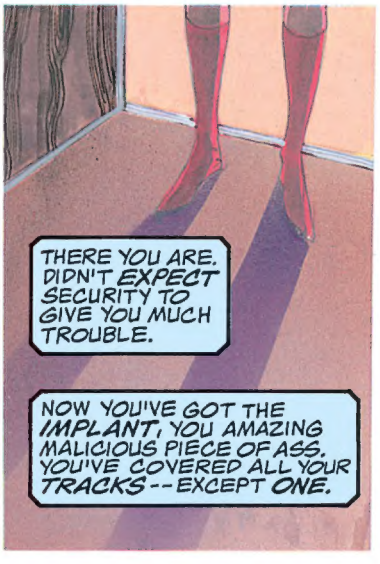
--WHY DO YOU THINK SHE DIDN'T STAY TO FINISH YOU--

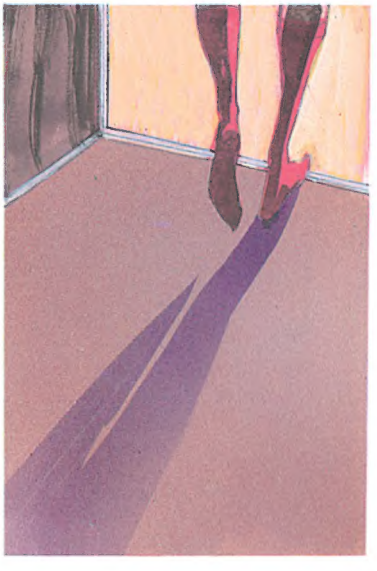
PRELIMINARY REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE MUNITIONS SHIPMENT THAT WENT UP WAS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR REICH, A CLOSE FRIEND OF CARLOS HUEVOS.

MAYBE SHE'S AFTER REICH...MAYBE THERE'S A REASON...









MAYBE I SHOULD THANK YOU, HONEY.

YOU'VE GIVEN ME A REASON TO GO ON.

SWEAT ON MY BACK AND CHEST--
--THE DOOR SMOKES AND BUBBLES--
--A DOZEN GUNS ARE COCKED--
--IN SECONDS THEY WILL COME THROUGH--